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JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME. CLEAN HOUSE WITH SAPOLIO

The White Sewing Machine

IN SPEED - IN STAYING QUALITIES - IN BEAUTY - IN EVERY REQUISITE OF HIGH GRADE CONSTRUCTION

THE WHITE LEADS

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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A Great Magazine Offer.

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We will send all three to you for one year for \$2.00 (two for \$1.00).

FARMERS! TAKE NOTICE

Having made some extensive improvements in the

OLD SHENKLE MILL

we are now prepared to turn out FIRST-CLASS WORK on Short Notice. Soliciting a portion of your patronage, I remain

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One packet of seeds for 10 cents. One packet of seeds for 25 cents. One packet of seeds for 50 cents.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HIGHWAY.

The highway lies, all bare and brown, A naked line across the dawn, Worn by a hundred hurrying feet. The life of the highway flows, And busy commerce comes and goes. And when the grass grows green and sweet, The world's fierce pulses beat.

Well for the highway that it lies The passageway of great empires! Yet from the dust and noise of cities, Voices of soft green growing things Triumphant and torn from earth which elings.

Too closely, impressing why? Its starting hairs most die! My heart's a highway, trodden down By many a traveler's shoe. And strong achievement's burden-bearing, With laughing boys and crowding cars, Along the road that worldward leads— One track with foolish weeds.

(Had it my heart to hurt them pain? Yet sometimes breathe a low sigh!) The tender spirit's things that grow— Sweet innocent dreams that youth— And I know a few words belonging to this Canadian tribe of Moxos, who never gave a thorough study to any Indian language except that of the Sioux.

"DOE'S" STORY.

"The 'lush' was in his best humor when he joined the lightening group at the Alford European hotel. He had enough of morning penitence left in him to make him grave and even dignified. At the same time he had started in upon an evening accumulation, and had already become so warm that it felt as if his mouth which helps one to realize that all men are brothers.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the 'lush' and he said it as if it were the preliminary to an oration. "I am, gentlemen, a very warm man, and I feel as if I should like to have a little of your company."

"Good evening, sir; good evening," responded "Doe" Horne, with a slight inclination of the head.

"Sit down and make yourself miserable," said the lightning dentist, who could be entertaining at times.

"Come join the feast of reason and the flow of soul," added the book agent, who could be original, if not entertaining.

"Sure, that's right," added the bicycle salesman.

"The 'lush' seated himself and asked: 'Well, gentlemen, what is the subject under discussion?'

"I hope you'll be able to tell me about the weather, and saying that it might be pretty tough on some people," said the lightning dentist.

"There's nothing personal in this, is there?" asked the "book agent."

"Certainly not," said the lightning dentist, laughing. "Doe" Horne smiled, and the large book agent smiled in a conservative manner, as if he feared to compromise his professional dignity.

"The bicycle salesman was puzzled. He did not see why the laugh came in. He settled back in his chair and tried to think it out. The task was long and difficult, for he had to recall a few words during the remainder of the evening.

"I don't think there is so much suffering now that the weather has moderated," said the "lush."

"I hope not," said "Doe" Horne. "It's a terrible thing to be cold and hungry for days at a time. I can tell you that, if any of you gentlemen ever go through what I did you'll appreciate that fact, too."

"How's that, 'Doe'?" asked the lightning dentist.

"The 'lush' looked at him and said: 'I thought I had told you of my experience in the winter of '87 and '88, when I was moose hunting with Gen. Foster in Canada. No? Well, we had a party of gentlemen from New York and Philadelphia with us. The weather was bitterly cold, but we were living in the general's hunting lodge and we managed to keep comfortable. One day I was out with a party, and we were up on the Saskatchewan river."

"What's the name, 'Doe'?" asked the lightning dentist.

"The Saskatchewan—Indian name, you know. It means 'dry pines.' I had two men with me, and we were out for several hours. I crossed the river on the ice to take up what seemed to be a new trail, and I got separated from my two friends. I suppose I was intent on following this trail, and that's why I paid so little attention to the weather. The first thing I knew the snow began to fall, and I discovered that the sky was overcast, with every indication of a blizzard. I started back along the trail, but in ten minutes the air was filled with blinding snow and the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane among the trees. Of course it was impossible to see very far in any direction, but I kept on, and thought I was going toward the river. I knew if I struck the river I could find the house all right. Darkness came on and I had no idea it was so late—and the wind coming from the northwest and sent me to the very home. I walked and walked, but I didn't come to the river, and then I realized that probably I had been walking away from it all the time. Of course my inclination was to sit down and rest, but I knew I didn't dare to do that or I'd freeze to death."

"It must have been awful," said the lightning dentist.

"Well, it wasn't any pleasure excursion. Fortunately I found a hollow tree where I could coil myself. I got in there and wrapped my fur coat around me, and managed to keep fairly warm that morning. By that time the wind had gone down and the cold was something intense. If I hadn't been so hardy and athletic I suppose I never would have lived through it. I got out, took my bearings from the sun and started out on a run to find the river. I had to run to keep from freezing. Of course I still carried my rifle, and I also had a hunting knife, but I didn't have any matches to start a fire with. About ten o'clock that morning I shot a rabbit, but of course I couldn't cook it, so I had to content myself with drinking all the water I could find."

"The bicycle salesman gasped and said: 'You were young 'Doe' to say: 'You would have been glad to get it.'"

"I should think it would be hard work to run in the snow," said the lightning dentist.

"Not if you had snowshoes," said "Doe," with an amused smile.

"Oh, I didn't know you had snowshoes."

"I didn't have any when I started,

HIS "LITTLE FELLER."

Glorified and Made Beautiful the Humble Home.

"It happens to be even in my cellar the other morning when the artisan came around to collect the ashes," said a gentleman who resides on Second avenue to a Free Press man. "I was opening a barrel of great red apples at the ash barrels and when the man came and necessarily untidy man came back with the empty ash barrel I picked up an apple and held it out toward him, saying as I did so: 'You've got an apple, have you?'

"He took it eagerly, saying as he did so: 'Thank you, sir; I've a little feller at home who'll be tickled to death to get it. I most always find something or other in the ash barrels to give him a treat at night, but it ain't often I get anything equal to this big apple. I tell you the little feller's eyes will shine when he sees it.'

"I don't know how many times that day the little feller was fed. Big, rough-haired fellow, with that apple put away so carefully in his pocket for that 'little feller.'

"When evening came I thought of the 'little feller' and the look for the big, dust-covered father, with the calloused and soiled hands, but with the true heart and the kindly word that made him a king in the eyes of that 'little feller.'

"I have been a very poor and humble home to which the man went at the close of his weary day, but then there was the 'little feller's' presence to make beautiful even the bare walls and the dust-covered floor. The little feller's eyes were lit with his father's heart."

"These 'little fellers' glorify and beautify many a home in which poverty and being the worker of the world, and patiently enduring toil and rags and poverty when there is a 'little feller' to meet and greet the father when the long day is done."—Detroit Free Press.

HER PHOTOGRAPH.

"Watch for the bird!" the artist cries, "With lifted, waiting finger, But, heedless of the mirthful call, Upon the camera's mystic flag, Her serious glances linger."

"Too grave!" Her mother takes the word: "Think, darling, for one minute, What can it be papa will say, Opening his letter far away, To find your picture in it?"

Look of love and rapture gleam The baby-features put on, Swift dimples played at hide-and-seek— The artist touched the button.

Ah! sunbeam, knowest thou how she Would leave the world so lonely, Thus holding fast, in deathless grace, The smile that on her rosy cheek has room for her father only?"

—Mary A. P. Stansbury, in Youth's Companion.

THE OPAL SKULL.

Of all places to oppress one with the fruitfulness of life there is none like into the southern portion of the Colorado river. There seems always to be visible from its banks, if banks they can be called, some faint blue-gray mounds of earth, and these are the graves of the dead, and the occasional lonely adobe. There was no color anywhere. The yellow of the sky was only a pale glimmer over the whitening river; the green of the trees was dulled by the dust and the evening twilight. There was but one house in sight, an adobe 400 yards or less from the river.

In among the willows by the river was a small, one-story adobe wagon. Two thin brown men huddled near by, and a man was gathering sticks for a fire. He wondered if it would be worth his while to make the acquaintance of the "graves" who unobtrusively inhabited the night, but he had learned by experience that Mexican hospitality usually implies dirt, and he dismissed the idea. It was a question in his mind whether a blanket under the wagon would not be preferable. And while he debated the flat board door of the adobe opened, and a woman came out. She was slender, therefore she was young, so reasoned the man, who knew Mexicans. More than that he could not see. After a time she went back into the house, and he left gathering sticks.

When the moon rose, and he, having finished his supper, was sitting beside the dying campfire, peacefully smoking the low willows parcel, and the girl of the adobe stood near him.

"Ah! I beg your pardon, senor; I knew not yet you wear hair," she said, starting back.

"It gives me much pleasure to see you. Will you not sit here with me?" He spread a blanket on the ground near the bright coals, and motioned to her with a deep bow, to be seated. She took her place, and he, stretching himself at her feet, leaning upon one elbow, offered her a cigarette.

Her name, if translated very soon, was Anita—Anita Manara; he, he told her, was Richard Lovell. The fellow was tall, and he did what was expected of him—made desperate love instantly; while she did what he had expected her to do, responded with only enough reserve to keep up the fire of flirtation. Here, in the half twilight, and with an unwise child of 16, of an amorous race, the rather lax code of honor of Richard Lovell fell from him. She told him when he had said, "senor take care of your hair." "I'll take care of it," he said, "but I'll take care of your hair, too." "I'll take care of it," she said, "but I'll take care of your hair, too." "I'll take care of it," she said, "but I'll take care of your hair, too."

THE FUNNY MEN.

"He—I love you better than life." She—"Considering the life you lead, I cannot say that I am surprised."—Indianapolis Journal.

"The only way opals are unaltered" was the reply. "My wife wants one, and it's going to cost me \$50."—Washington Star.

"Behold," exclaimed the good fairy, "I touch thee with my wand and transform thee from a miser to a millionaire." Subsequently, however, his beloved touched him without any wand and made him a beggar again. —Detroit Journal.

"You're a mighty good fairy, especially to ladies. How did you raise the nerve to propose to Miss Sweet?" "Dumley"—"Oh—well, I didn't say much of anything; I handed my ring to her and she slipped it on her left finger." "All right, it fits!"—Truth.

"Does it really improve whisky to send it across the water and back?" asked the person with a passion for knowledge. "I don't know, sah, about that," replied the other, "but I do know that it certainly does give it a chance to age, sah, that it might not otherwise have had."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"No, daughter, just tell the young man that he can never take you—leighriding her," she said, "old horse like that." "Why, mamma, that's false pride." "Nothing of the sort. It's just common sense. It is plain that the horse was chosen simply because he can be driven with one hand."—Detroit Free Press.

FOREIGN CHAT.

Ibsen's "Wild Duck" has proved a dismal failure with the Viennese public. Trindal celebrated the centenary of its subjection to England by six days of festivities, beginning February 14.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson is furious with Ibsen for writing his last play, "John Gabriel Borkmann," which he asserts is full of bitter attacks on his own family life. Ibsen's son is a conservative. Bjornson's daughter, and the relations between the fathers-in-law have been strained for some time. Bjornson proposes to show Ibsen up in a book.

Queen Elizabeth was 13 years of age, made when she was 13 years of age, of a poem of Marguerite of Navarre called "The Mirror of Sinful Souls," together with a prayer composed by the Virgin Queen and one of her letters to her stepmother, Catherine Parr, has been published in London from the original autograph in the Bodleian library.

French royalists and Catholics have generally worked together in politics. Many a recent election for a deputy at Brest they divided and bitterly fought each other, the Catholic candidate taking the ground that the republic must be recognized owing to the position the pope has taken in regard to it. Brest, which has always been a conservative stronghold, gave the preference to the church over the king.

SOME LATE NEW THINGS.

A newly-designed hanger for shade rollers is made of metal, in sections, slidably connected with each other, so that the roller will take any length desired, and the curtain can be held outward from the wall any desired distance.

A current water wheel recently patented is composed of two fastenings together with a horizontal shaft, to which V-shaped buckets are attached in spiral lines, a portion of the buckets being always in position to receive the water.

A new medicine film consists of a metal frame to keep a corner or neck of a bottle and an upright portion, to which a number of dials, which can be set at any desired time, also indicating the size of the dose and lapse of time between doses.

An apparatus to operate torpedoes for the blowing up of ships recently patented consists of a trolley line running on the river or ocean bed, on which a torpedo is fastened, sliding along on the wire until it strikes the bottom of the vessel.

To keep a coat from wrinkling and getting out of shape a new hanger is made of two spring wires crossed X-shaped, the ends of the springs, holding a number of dials, which can be set at any desired time, also indicating the size of the dose and lapse of time between doses.

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ITEMS OF SCIENCE.

One inch of rain falling upon one square inch is equivalent to 17,500,000 gallons of water.

Astronomers say that 1,000,000 "shooting stars" fall into the sun for every one that comes into our atmosphere.

Moths may be kept from furs and woolens by a new method, the biologist L. O. Howard concludes, by cold storage during the summer at 40 to 42 degrees F.

Insects are for their size the strongest members of the animal creation. Many of them are able to lift a weight equal to more than 500 times the weight of their own bodies.

Microscopical investigation is said to prove that the pores of wood invite the passage of moisture in the direction of the grain, and that it repels it in the opposite direction.

Glowworms are much more brilliant when a storm is coming than at other seasons. Like many other mysteries of nature, this curious circumstance has never been explained.

As comets near the sun their velocity actually increases. Newton calculated the velocity of the comet of 1860 to be 88,000 miles an hour. Brydone rates the speed of the comet he saw in 1770 2,500,000 miles an hour.

BESSIE'S GREAT SACRIFICE.

She Felt Sorry for a Baby Who Had No Doll.

The stockings had been hung up and the little ones gathered around the hearth to hear mamma tell the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, says the New York World. Their small faces expressed profound sympathy when they heard how the Son of God was born in a stable, and how he lay on a bed of straw. How he shivered and how cold December night and how his life was in danger from the wicked Herod. Little Bessie seemed to be particularly impressed. She said nothing, but one could see that she was thinking hard.

When, half an hour later, mamma came to Bessie's bed to kiss her good night, she found the child pressing her doll to her bosom and gazing at it with wonderful attention. As she stooped over the bed Bessie looked up and asked earnestly: "Mamma, ain't God's baby got any dolls?"

"No," replied the mother, smiling. Bessie looked at her doll again and bowed it. Then she said, "I don't know where to stand by these things. After a long silence the child raised her eyes, which had such an expression as those of the martyrs must have worn at the stake, and said, firmly: "Take it to Hina, mamma."

Closing her eyes tight Bessie laid the doll in her mother's hands and buried her face in the pillow to try to forget the great sacrifice she had made.

POWER OF A WOMAN'S WORD.

It Overcame the Wrath of an Unfeeling Policeman.

The following pretty story is taken from the New York Tribune and Express, and is good enough to stand by itself. It was only an Italian fruit-vender. There was nothing about him at all likely to inspire the beholder with feeling. One day another fruit-vender was not so happy. He was carrying a large quantity of fruit, and he was being pursued from corner to corner by the zealous guardian of the law.

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SUBSTITUTE FOR GLASS.

Greatness Substance Spread on Galvanized Iron Web.

The first successful substitute for glass, says the New York Tribune and Express, is a material called "Wack." It is a substance which is given rigidity by being spread on a galvanized iron web, which holds the sheet in any desired shape, but does not obstruct the passage of light. It is transparent, but not translucent, and can be stained in such a manner as to exactly imitate stained glass.

"It cannot be broken nor softened by rays of the sun, but is flexible and easily bent into any desired shape. When maintained in the open air, but on exposure to the sun it turns white, at the same time becoming harder and more durable.

"Like glass, it is a poor conductor of heat. It is lighter than glass, and on this account is well adapted for use. Unless it can be made transparent it can never hope to entirely supersede glass, but its cheapness and superiority to glass in other directions are securing for it a special sale for factory windows, skylights for hot-houses, roofing and light purposes."

HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE.

Emile Zola, the French novelist, is said to have amassed \$400,000 in 20 years, by writing sensational stories for Le Petit Journal.

Wheat grown in the north of France has from 11 to 25 per cent. less nitrogenous elements in it than that raised there 50 years ago, according to a recent report made to the Academic des Sciences.

Saverio Altamura, one of the last of the Neapolitan romantic school of painting, has just died. He was a poet and an actor as well. He took part in the revolution of 1848 and was exiled from Naples until the Bourbons were driven out.

A method of precipitating zinc in aqueous solution in the shape of dense plates of commercial thickness by means of electricity has been found at the zinc works at Duisberg in Germany. The process, which is kept secret, was discovered by Prof. Dietschbach, of Darmstadt. The economic difficulties in the problem have also been solved, as the works are turning out 30 tons of zinc a month, and are to be enlarged.

NOVELTIES IN SILK.

Some rich dark shades of red are showing in new velvets. The first of these is Black silk net with a satin edge is used for thick neck-brushes.

Beyond doubt red—rich and dark as well—will be the fall color.

Rosy-purple grounds with white scrolls make striking novelties.

Plain-colored satin duchesse has the call for trimmings and combinations.

Chiffon ribbons are in lovely delicate colorings, but are, of course, perishable.

Cream-colored chrysantheums on a tulle ground make a lovely satin broche.

Glaze taffeta for linings next fall will show strong pink, red, green and violet tints.

Waterproof green is a favorite shade for the coming military ribbons, gaiters, chifons, etc.

In London they are using a very rich make of pea de soie—flour de soie—for evening toilets.

IN OLD MEXICO.

One of the favorite sweets for children is sugar cane. It is sold in pieces about 18 inches long for one centavo each.

You can buy all the beautiful flowers you can carry home in a half-bushel basket for an American half-dollar.

Babies and children all wear half socks, and are happy with bare legs when northern visitors require overcoats.

The weather is not a subject of comment unless it is bad. It is as a rule so fine that it furnishes no variety of conversation.

The streets of Mexico are very thoroughly enforced. Every form of commercial paper, from check to contract, contributes to the revenue.

The street car makes better time than in any other country in the world. A full half of the time they are kept on a full gallop.

Horses with tails more than 12 to 18 inches long are rare exceptions, as the tails of fashionable coach horses are invariably docked.

Everybody shakes hands both at meeting and parting, even though the visit may be on the street corner and lasts only two minutes.

Banks are capitalized for immense sums and have very strict regulations, and failures among these institutions are practically unknown.

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